

JUL 21 1916

# FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Weekly and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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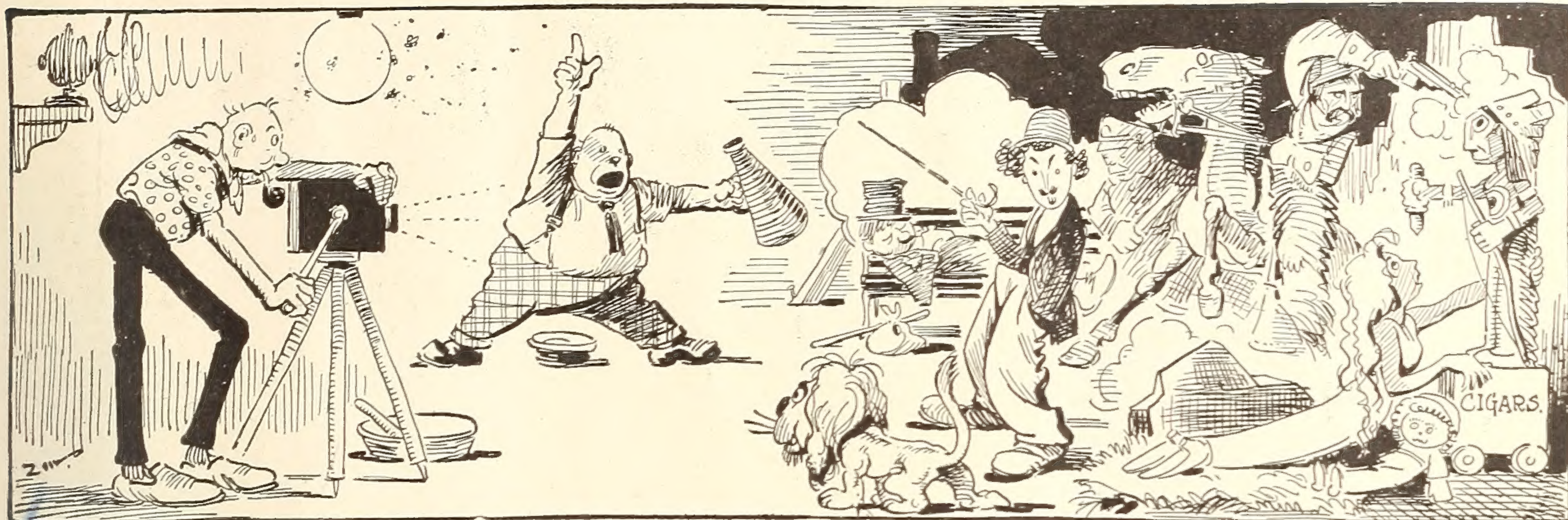
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# Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



Published monthly by

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY.

John A. Sleicher, President.

Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary.

A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer.

Grant Hamilton, Art Director.

Elizabeth Sears, Editor.

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Entered at the post-office at New York  
as second-class matter.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

No. 329—AUGUST, 1916

Subscription by the Year, \$1.00

## EDITORIALS

### The Community Problem

Misinformation is at the bottom of half the misguided efforts of right-minded people.

A loud clamor for censorship in many States has arisen from excellent people, who know nothing about the motion picture industry save that their neighborhood picture house does not show the quality of pictures they might desire to have their children see.

There are three points these people should keep in mind:

First, we do not need State censorship, because the picture problem, like any civic problem, is largely a community problem. Each community should censor its own pictures.

Secondly, the motion picture industry is largely engaged in for the profits thereof—not for the education and uplift of the country.

Thirdly, if the pictures shown are not of a properly recreational and instructive character, it is the fault of the women themselves. They would not tolerate a saloon or a stable or a brewery in their neighborhood; why tolerate a third-class picture show?



### Brady Advocates a Picket System

HERE'S William Brady, for instance. Mr. Brady is frankly in the business for pecuniary profit. He says such a profit can be made with clean pictures, and he further states a truth that should be learned by heart in every community.

He says the mothers of the country are responsible for any and all lascivious and suggestive pictures!

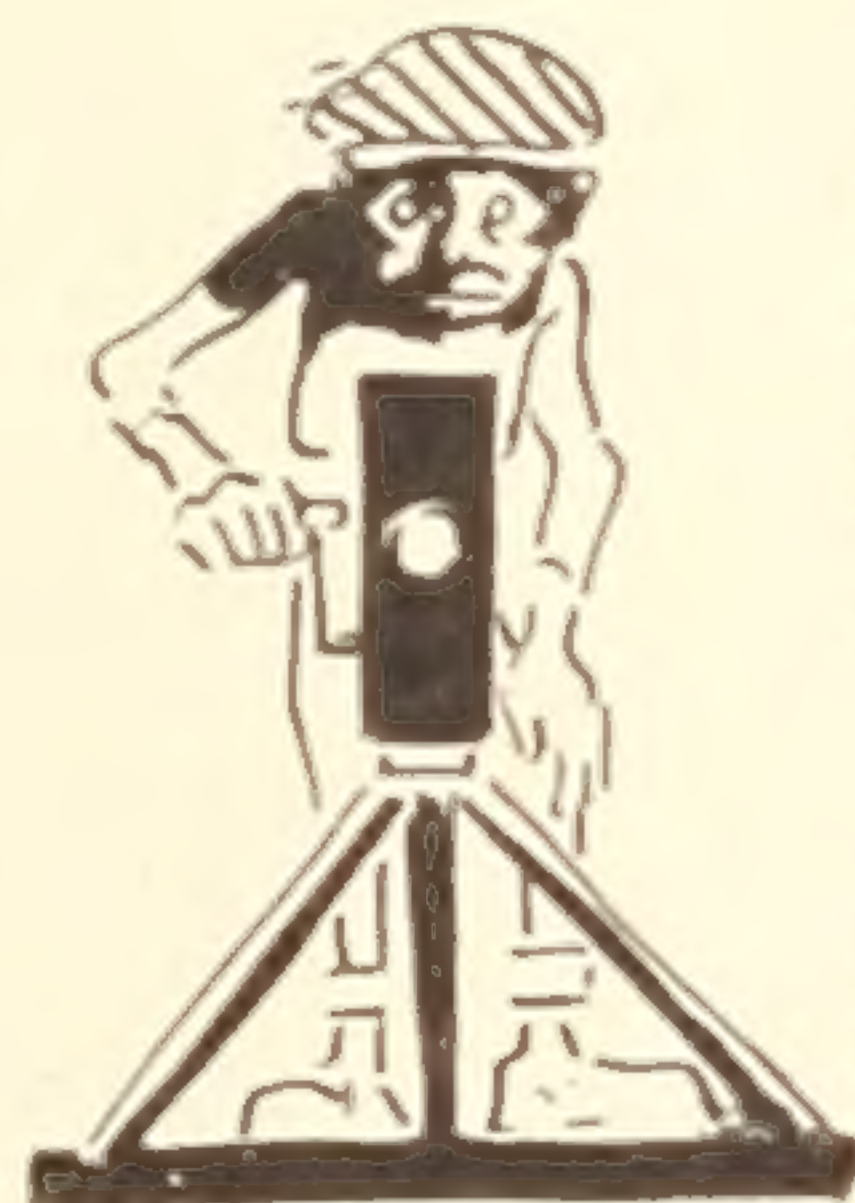
He points out that the mothers sit about and talk matters over and denounce the motion picture industry, instead of using their energy in correcting the subjects they debate!

He advises them to picket the theaters that exhibit bad pictures and to warn other women away, and thus prove to the manager that his house cannot afford to show that class of stuff!



### Demand Good Pictures

FILM FUN has stood for clean pictures from the start. It has always advocated strong, virile pictures for children—not the feeble fairy-story slush that adults seem to think that children want.



The kiddies want just the same class of pictures that the grown-ups want. They want to see a picture with plenty of action in it, they want to laugh, they want to thrill, they want to have their mental processes stirred, just as older ones do.

There are plenty of good pictures in the market. There are scores and scores of good pictures to be had, if the community demands them.

And when we begin to put more stress on the better phases of the motion picture industry and less on its vicious tendencies, we will have begun the real forward movement that means progress toward the things that are really worth while.

If women in the smaller communities would insist on the managers keeping only good pictures as strongly as they insist on the grocer keeping their special brand of breakfast food or coffee or flour, they will get what they ask for.

If they attend the shows when their brand of pictures is produced as diligently as they purchase their special brand of groceries when the grocer lays in a stock, they will solve this picture problem. It is up to the community.

Don't knock the producers or the scenario writers or the distributors or the exhibitors, until you have examined your community demand.





BIOGRAPH

Florence Lawrence and Harry Salter in a scene from "Ingomar," one of the first Griffith directions.

## Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA ARVIDSON GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda Arvidson Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of A Nation", is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda Arvidson Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studies.



LOOKING back to the summer of 1908 and the next year or two following, I feel constrained to use the trite old saying, "Those were the good old days!" And I think the little band of pioneer actors and actresses who began working together so earnestly and so sincerely and withal so humbly, at the old Biograph studio eight years ago, will all agree with me in that they were. Great changes and marvelous advancements have been recorded on the pages of the motion picture industry since then. The "movie" babe ("movie" was a proper term at that time) became overnight a kindergarten child and took its first lessons with the then unknown David Griffith, who more than any other individual has since caused to be acknowledged as the Fifth Estate a profession that most of us entered through dire necessity and with some slight embarrassment. We weren't overly proud of our new association, but we consoled ourselves with the thoughts that "Oh, well, this will tide me over until I can get another engagement on the stage. I am right here in New York, where I am in touch

with agents and managers, and I am not spending the little money I saved last season on the road or in stock."

We didn't have the present good days of weekly salaries running into the thousands, motor cars, California bungalows, suites at the Claridge or Riverside Drive apartments; but they were, nevertheless, the vital days—the days that were to shape the careers of the biggest stars and foremost directors of the present day. Never in the furthest back wrinkle in the brain of the most optimistic moving picture actor was then ever so dimly foreseen his name in electric lights over an honest-to-God moving picture theater such as the Strand or Rialto of New York City. They were the good old days in a better and a higher sense—the days when we worked for work's sake, with little remuneration and no publicity whatever. We soon began to sense that these "moving pictures" were going to amount to something some day and we need not continue to be ashamed to tell our friends how we were earning our living. We were pioneers in every sense of the word, and our growing faith in the crude, flickering shadows first thrown on the screen gave us the courage to endure the indifferent public, for the motion





BIOGRAPH

"Enoch Arden" was the first two-reel picture ever produced. They showed the first reel Monday night, and on Thursday night you returned for the second reel. In this scene you see Linda Griffith, Frank Granden and Rufus Liscer.

picture public of to-day didn't go to a "movie" show eight years ago. One could hardly criticise them for not going, for it took courage to sit through a show in the dirty, dark little stores that hung up a sheet at one end and turned on the projecting machine from the other. With a few exceptions, such as Keith and Proctor's theaters on Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets and the old Fourteenth Street Theater, New York City, such was the general make-up of the moving picture theater at that time.

So, through conflicting emotions and varying decisions and an ever-absorbing interest and faith in our new work, we stuck. I can remember to the word when Mary Pickford, who had been a member of the Biograph Company for a year or so, came to me one day very much troubled and said, "Mrs. Griffith, do you think it will hurt me on the stage if I stay in pictures any longer?" "Well, Mary," I answered, "I'm sure I cannot advise you one way or the other. We will all have to take our chances. I, for one, feel sure pictures will last." It didn't prove to be much of a hazard for "Little Mary"!

Though stock companies in the summer of 1908 were unknown, a little band of players soon began to report every day for work and 'most every day were engaged. The half dozen or so I recall who worked regularly in the first pictures were Marion Leonard, Harry Salter, Arthur Johnson, Charles Inslee, Edward (then "Eddie") Dillon, who has just directed De Wolf Hopper in the recent Fine Arts production of "Don Quixote"; Wilfred Lucas, who first came into notice in a picture called "The Red Gauntlet," playing opposite Marion Leonard; little

Johnny Tansy, who starred in Mr. Griffith's second Biograph picture called "The Redman and the Child"; Florence Auer, remembered in "Rejuvenating Auntie," and last season in "Paganini," with George Arliss; George Gebhardt, Gene Gauntier, Tony O'Sullivan and Mack Sennett, whose name now spells "Keystone."

Marion Leonard was cast for the women of the world, adventuresses, Spanish ladies, etc. She did some mighty fine work in the early days and soon had a devoted following. I played mostly sympathetic parts, the trusting girl, the devoted wife and the fond young mother. Once I played a French girl—a nasty, catty part—but mostly I died. I played every dying part, whether it was a white woman or an Indian. It made my sisters very unhappy to see me always dying on the screen, and they wrote me from San Francisco, where they lived, that they wished I wouldn't die so much. Miss Leonard and I alternated in leading parts for some time, and then Mr. Griffith, as always on the lookout for new talent and feeling the need of a new type, cast about to get it. One evening, at a little theater on Broadway and 160th Street, we saw a Vitagraph picture called "The Dispatch Bearer." It was a very good picture, too, for those days, produced by the late William Rainous—a good director he was—and Florence Lawrence was the "Dispatch Bearer." Mr. Griffith had found his type. "That's the girl I want," he said, and proceeded forthwith to get her. I believe it was Harry Salter who helped locate her. He afterward married her.

At all events they found her, and one night called on her





BIOGRAPH

"Enoch Arden" proved so popular that it is to be re-issued August 29th.

and her mother. Miss Lawrence had quite a reputation as a whistler, and I think it was a trombone—or was it a cornet she played? Whatever it was, from its resting place under the bed she drew it forth and entertained her guests by playing for them. It was arranged that she should leave the Vitagraph, where she was getting fifteen dollars a week, and come to the Biograph for twenty-five. My, that was some salary—twenty-five dollars a week! But Florence Lawrence earned it. If ever there was a conscientious worker, devoted to moving pictures and pictures alone, it was she. She used to work daytime and nighttime, and in between scenes she would hurriedly wipe off her make-up and skip out to a "movie" show. She was equally at home in comedy or tragedy or a funny character part—it didn't matter much what. We had to be something more than mere "types" in those days and do a little more than look pretty. We worked hard. You couldn't drive people out of the studio even if they weren't working. We'd sit around the camera stand or on old scenery or chairs when there happened to be any. Mr. Griffith would work out his story, using his actors like chessmen. But he knew what he wanted, and the camera man never began to grind until every little detail satisfied him. He would sometimes rehearse three or four of us in a part, then make his selection. Some incentive for doing one's best!

But if we lost, we weren't heartbroken, for his judgment seldom erred, and in turn we all were playing leads one day and decorating the back drop the next. We did both with equal good nature. We not only were satisfied to ornament the scenery, but

we would help to fix up costumes or wardrobes, in order to save time. We produced Tolstoi in those days and many other works of the masters of literature, and we made moving pictures of nearly all the Broadway plays. Someone would see a show one night, and the next day we would make it into a scenario. We never bothered about securing a copyright on the little one-reel tabloid versions of five-act plays and eight-hundred-page novels, for no one bothered us—authors and publishers didn't take us seriously enough then to care to find out what we were doing. Next door to 11 East Fourteenth Street was a little tailor shop, and the good-natured tailor would let us come in and sew things. Once when we were producing "Resurrection," it seems the costumer had sent us some wrapper-like dresses miles too large; but we were in a hurry, the scene was set, and we were fully rehearsed, so while the property man added the final touches of placing the salt and flour snow on the set—it was July—another girl and myself rushed into the little tailor's, and he graciously let us sew on his machines, and we madly took up gathers and hems in the poor Russian exiles' robes. It was fun and helped to finish with the extra people, so they would not have to come back and be exiles another day and get three more dollars.

Biograph reminiscing wouldn't be complete without a mention of the lunch hour. The hour would be any time from one to three, according to work.

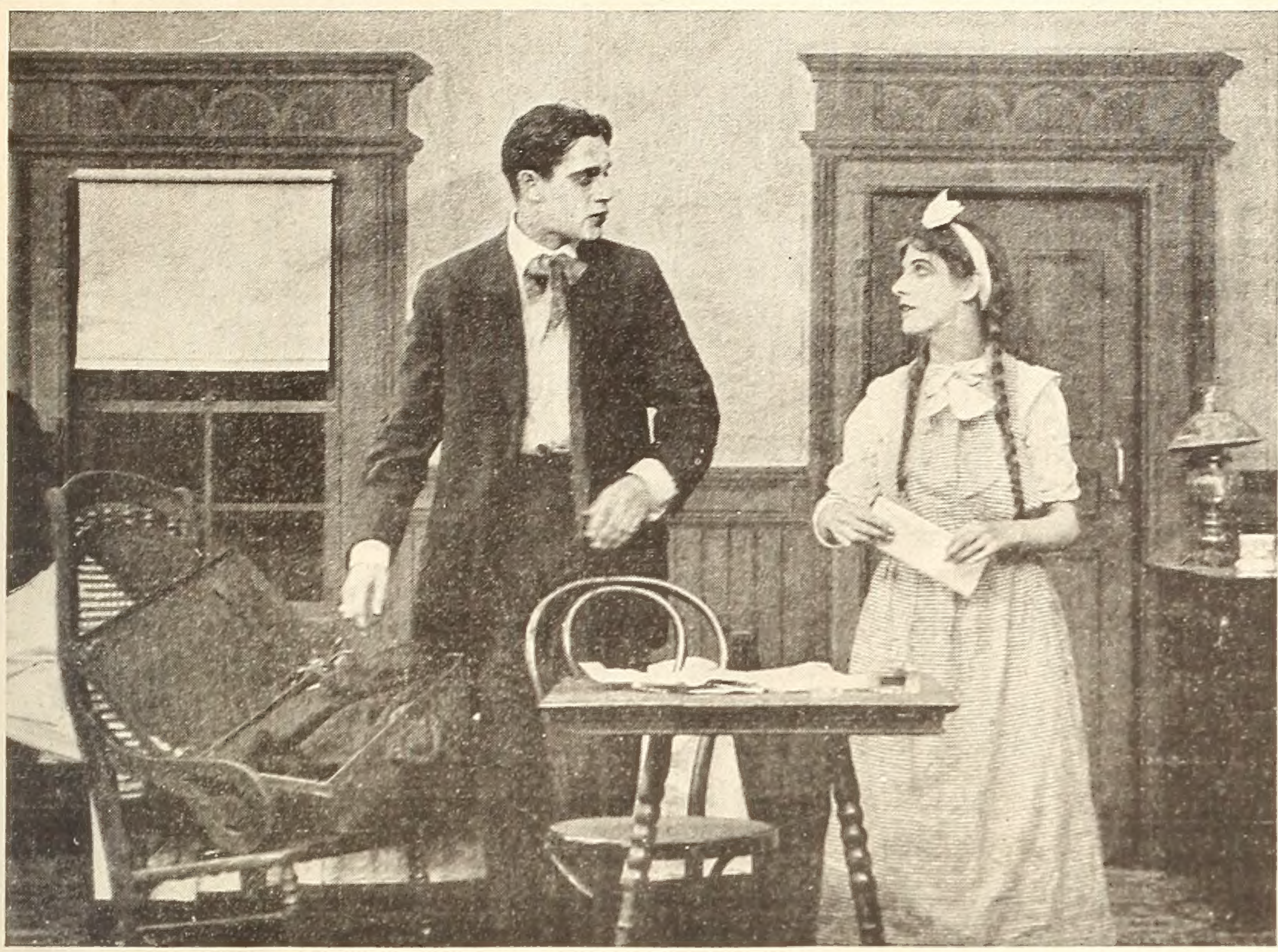
All those who were made-up had to have lunch inside. We ate in the basement, where the original dingy dressing-rooms were. We would tuck ourselves away in some little corner, on top of boxes or piles of stage clothes, fix ourselves a makeshift table, and Bobby Harron (now a Triangle star, but assistant property boy then) would bring us our lunches. Bobby always had a winning smile, and he served us our lunches as graciously and sweet-naturedly as he delights us on the screen now. Lunch always came from a little Polish restaurant on Fourteenth Street. It consisted of



BIOGRAPH

Griffith spent much time perfecting the details of this picture in the days when few directors thought it necessary.





BIOGRAPH

Arthur Johnson and Linda Griffith, in "The Mills of the Gods."

sandwiches, coffee, tea or milk and pie. Later our lunches came from Childs' restaurant on Fourteenth Street, and further on in luxurious lunch history we had Childs' menu card sent over and were allowed to order from that. Bobbie would bring the cards around and take our orders, but for a long time it remained "sandwiches, coffee and pie." When we worked nights, at about eight or nine o'clock we would have our second round of the same, and when we worked until three in the morning, we would have "meat!"

We always looked forward to the pictures that required exterior settings, especially in the summer. In the winter we had to huddle between scenes around a campfire that some one of the men would build, in order to keep thawed out; but in summer it was fine. We could get away from the hot studio and enjoy a breath of fresh country air. Our parting questions at night were always, "Do we work inside or outside tomorrow?" For "The Adventures of Dolly" we went to Sound Beach, Conn. I remember the wild daisies or black-eyed Susans, or whatever it is you call them in the East, were all in bloom—huge fields of them. Just having left my native San Franciscan heath and opening new eyes on Eastern country, it seemed very wonderful to find everything so green in midsummer, and the "marguerites," as we Californians call them, simply covering acres and acres!

We had no automobiles in those days. We went by train or boat and

took a street car from the station to our respective homes. Fort Lee early began to be the original stamping ground when working outdoors. We trotted our costumes under our arms, dashed into the subway, left it at 125th Street, dashed to the ferry building and caught the eight-forty-five boat. Arriving at Edgewater, on the Jersey side, we would make-up at any of the little inns along the Hudson, and "Old Man Brown" and his son would soon appear, each driving a two-seated buggy. We would then pile in and drive off to the location. It seems Old Man Brown, a garrulous, good-natured Irishman, had enjoyed quite an eventful life driving folks from the ferry to their New Jersey homes and places along the Hudson. Gene Gauntier, who some years ago delighted us with her portrayal on "Mary," the mother of Christ, in Sidney Olcott's beautiful production of "From the Manger to the Cross," was the location woman as well as scenario writer. She first uncovered

New Jersey landscapes to the camera's eye and was largely instrumental in starting the trek of moving picture people to the present well-known town of Fort Lee.

All this was when the moving picture world was bounded by one block on East Fourteenth Street and the city of Los Angeles had never seen a moving picture camera. Soon to wend her way Fourteenth Streetward and timidly ask for a day's work came little Mary Pickford—to-day the foremost woman in the moving picture world and commanding the largest salary ever paid a woman, either in professional or any other work.



BIOGRAPH

Linda Griffith and Jeanne McPherson in "Enoch Arden."





FOX

Dance of the sprites.



PALLAS

Marie James pauses to tie a sailor's knot. She is an expert in the water.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Ann Pennington ready for her plunge into motion pictures.



UNIVERSAL

Ida Schnall was a professional diver when she splashed into the screen.



TRIANGLE

Fay Tincher was one of the first Stars and Stripes.



MUTUAL

Lucile Taft and Gertrude Robinson love to splash at the waves.



VITAGRAPH

Dorothy Kelly wonders if the water is too cold.





A charming bit in the Kellermann picture.



VITAGRAPH  
Anita Stewart likes stripes, too.



MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT  
Hello, there, Julia Dean!



TRIANGLE  
Norma Talmadge is fond of a stroll.



PALLAS

Eva Strawn

MOROSCO

Edna Goodrich

Mae Andrew

PALLAS

The spirits from the vasty deep.



Jolly mermaids from Bermuda.





FAMOUS PLAYERS

Winsome little Marguerite Clark, in "Silks and Satins," amuses the maid, but horrifies the hostess with her artless chatter.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark has no real intentions of enlisting, of course; but if she did, she'd end the war, all right. Every man would willingly desert the trenches.

## And Perhaps—

By LOIS ZELLNER

**S**HE WATCHED Movie Queens  
As they reigned on the screens,  
Then said to herself, "Look at me!  
I've just as much grace,  
And my figure and face  
Are better than most that you see."

And so she opined,  
While 'twas fresh in her mind,  
She'd give some director a jar;  
She'd call at his place,  
Let him look at her face—  
And perhaps take a job as a STAR!

To make sure she'd be soon,  
She left home before noon,  
But almost collapsed with chagrin,  
When a boy at the door  
Interrupted a snore  
To inform her she couldn't get in.

"I'll not be turned down,"  
She averred with a frown,  
"If I have to come back EVERY DAY!"  
Her reward came at last,  
And she really got past  
The kid who was guarding the way.

Did the poor girl win fame  
In the great Picture Game?  
Did she really become a Great Star?  
Did her beautiful face,  
Her figure and grace  
Bring people to see from afar?

Did she reign on the screen  
As a great Movie Queen,  
For whom all the managers bid?  
Did she quickly make good,  
As she thought that she would?  
If you really must know it—SHE DID!







We Leave It to You.

Is There a Prettiest One?



FOX

CARPENTER PHOTO

Gladys Brockwell is a pretty girl, isn't she? And she knows how to wear good clothes.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

HARTSOOK PHOTO

Claire Anderson is a star, because of her plucky work in "The Lion and the Girl."



TRIANGLE

WHITE PHOTO

Mabel Normand greets you as the leading lady of the Normand Company.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Once in a great while we find Marguerite Clark in a pensive mood.



ESSANAY

©MOFFATT

Ruth Stonehouse has joined the Essanay bunch. She wants to do comedy-drama.



FOX

June Caprice is glad she's alive these days. Well, she ought to be. She's a lucky girl.



Juanita Hanson knows all about "The Secret of the Submarine," but she won't tell it.





INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE  
Well, look who's here! If it isn't  
Betty Howe!



MORASCO  
Here's another beauty, Vivian Martin.



SIGNAL-MUTUAL  
Helen Holmes takes a day off from  
railroading.



TRIANGLE  
Isn't Bessie a perfect bundle of Love?



FAMOUS PLAYERS ©IRA C. HILL  
Louise Huff watching a rehearsal.



TRIANGLE HARTSOOK PHOTO  
Mae Busch in a pensive mood.



LONE STAR-MUTUAL  
Here's a star for you, Edna Purviance.



Fanny Ward and her Wobble dog.



## Jane Bernoudy, The New Joker Comedienne, Rode Into Comedy

JANE BERNOUDY did not intend to be a comedienne when she began to work in pictures. Jane was a rider and did all kinds of stunts in what they used to call "Western stuff," meaning roping, riding and shooting Indians.

Then the "Western stuff" began to wane in vogue. Jane seemed likely to be out of a job. She had no ambitions to shine as a star in screen stunts, and about all she knew how to do was to ride and to look funny.

"Capitalize your funny face," advised a director, one day, when he broke the sad tidings to Jane that there would be no more Western pictures. "They are getting ready for some comedy stuff over in another set, and I'll back you against the funniest of them, if you are willing to queer yourself by a fantastic get-up."

Like Barkis, Jane "was willin'." She did not care about sacrificing her looks. She realized that one could not look funny and look pretty at the same time and



JOKER

Jane Bernoudy, the Joker comedienne, lets the dusting go while she peruses "The Maiden's Guide to Matrimony."

admitted that it was easier for her to look funny than it was to look pretty.

"I remembered an awkward maid we used to have," she said, "and I determined to make some use of her funny tricks and a most unique method she had of doing her hair. She used to be a scream as I remember her, and we kept her because she furnished us so much unconscious amusement. So I capitalized my looks and her ways, and I see no reason to regret my decision—as yet."

Miss Bernoudy's fortune is in the manner in which she can push her features around carelessly and still keep them moored to her face. She practically rode into comedy, for it was her riding, that first brought her to the notice of the Joker comedies.

"The funniest thing in motion pictures to me is a remembrance of an interview I read in a New York paper four or five years ago," she said. "The statement was made by Elizabeth Marbury. She said, quite solemnly, that the main reason why motion pictures would not endure was because people did not want to be confused by pictures that moved. What they wanted was slides and a lecturer!"



JOKER

Jane Bernoudy, as the maid in "When a Wife Worries," is deeply interested in the attempts of the parents of the BABY to ascertain the exact date of the first tooth. At the same time, she has no sympathy with the methods of its male parent to amuse it.





JOKER

While the infant resents its morning bath, Jane hastily summons its mother to note the discovery of the famous first tooth. A frantic telephone message to the doting father is sent at once, and the family proceed to a consultation as to the proper mode of procedure in such cases.



JOKER

Father is immensely excited over the advent of the tooth and announces his intention of reading up on teeth and of visiting a physician to get the best expert medical advice on the subject.



JOKER

He loves me. he loves me not, he loves me!





DE GASTON PHOTO—N. Y. M. P.

KALEM

Nona Thomas is a sister of Ollie Kirby.

### Famous Sisters In Motion Pictures

**T**ALENT in motion pictures seems to run in families. There are many gifted sisters in screen work. Perhaps you did not know that Nona Thomas is a sister of Ollie Kirby; but you can see the family resemblance all right when you see them together.

The Fairbanks Twins are too well known to need any description. They began as wee tots; but before long somebody will be writing grown-up pictures for them, and then after a while they will go back to the little-girl pictures and yearn for the plays in which they can put on short dresses again—or maybe boy parts, which seems to be some-



THANHOUSER-MUTUAL

NATIONAL PHOTO

Marion and Madeline Fairbanks.

thing in vogue just at present.

You know the little Lee sisters pretty well, too. There are a lot of the wee ones in pictures, but not many pairs of sisters at their age. They have been so popular that every mother who possesses a couple of little girls of their age wants to get them into the pictures and into the papers.

✕ ✕

### Nothing Doing

The scene showed a girl in a maid's uniform, in an easy chair, reading a book. The following was overheard:

"I wonder what that girl represents?"

"That is easy; she is a maid of all work."



FOX

Jane and Katherine Lee.



## A Triumphant Mother



**MAUDE GEORGE**, who plays adventuresses for the Universal people, was waiting for a call in her dressing-room and partaking of her favorite refreshment—stuffed dates—as she listened to various exciting stories of adventure from her callers—screen girls from another set.

“The funniest thing that ever happened to me I didn’t know about at all until my mother reached home that night,” she explained, passing the stuffed dates. “Mother dropped into a picture house one evening, and one of my plays was on the screen. Just behind her sat the usual type of chap who carefully explains to his companions that he is well acquainted with all the screen folk. He glibly pointed me out to his friend and said,

“‘I know that girl—know her well. Used to have dinner with her. She used to hang around San Francisco when I was there.’

“Mother could not hold in a minute longer. She turned around to the talkative chap and fixed him with a baleful glare. I’m the only little rag doll mother’s got, and she wasn’t going to have any stranger panning me. She put on her most dignified manner, and when mother dolls up in that manner, everybody might just as well step lively.

“‘That young lady you are viciously maligning is my daughter, sir,’ she informed him, in her iciest tone. ‘My daughter has never been in San Francisco or to dinner with you in her life. More than that, she never “hangs out” wherever she is.’

“The talkative chap fumbled hastily for his hat and left without further remark. And poor mother was so insulted because I laughed when she related it!”



## Fun for Heaven

**F. H. Elms**, of Boston, has a small daughter who is a motion picture fan and who invariably includes her picture favorites in her prayers at night. She was enjoying a confidential chat with her mother recently and making inquiries on topics that had somewhat puzzled her small self.



“Mother,” she said, “do the picture people go to heaven when they die?”

“Certainly,” replied her mother.

“Did John Bunny go to heaven?”

“Yes.”

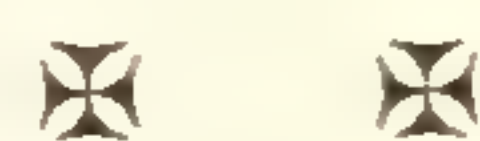
“And will Mabel Normand and Fatty go to heaven when they die?”

“Of course they will,” replied her mother.

“And Charlie Chaplin?”

“Yes,” responded her patient mother.

“Goodness!” giggled the little girl, as she kicked her sandal off. “Won’t God laugh when he sees him walk in!”



## What Would We Do Without the Villain?

“Consider the movie villain,” said John Reinhard, of Gaumont-Mutual. “He is the hardest worked and least appreciated man in the cast of any play. It is no great trick for any actor to be a hero, as his work is all cut out for him by the authors who wrote the play. He always happens along at the proper moment to save the girl or upset the villain’s carefully laid plans.

“Of course, the villain always gets a good salary; but he

never gets very popular, and no one loves him. No romantic girl ever looks at his picture and exclaims, ‘Oh, I could just love him to death!’ No one asks for his picture. No one writes to the studio or the photoplay editor and wants to know how old he is, if he is married, if his hair is naturally curly or does he use something. Not a soul is concerned about the color of his eyes.

“Movie villain work is the hardest of all acting. The regular stage bad man has words to help register his cussedness. There is the low and insinuating tones he uses as he urges the honest young man to falsify the books and play the races. There are the hard and cruel words to say when he turns the aged couple out of house and home, the sneering threat when he waves the incriminating

‘papers’ in the face of the wayward wife and demands blackmail as the price of his silence.

“The movie villain has none of these helps. He must register his villainy by the movements of his facial muscles and his eyes. But if it were not for the villain, the hero would show up very small. There would be nothing for him to do. He would just marry the girl in the first reel, and all would be over.”



## The Last Straw

The jokesmith entered the office and made his way to the editor’s side. “I have here,” he remarked, “ninety-nine motion picture jokes.”

The editor, in a weary manner, took the batch, and after a hasty glance, said, “I have seen all these before. You should have made it ‘The Old Hundred.’”



FOX

Miriam Batlista is a coy little lady who is pleased but not haughty over the fact that she is a Fox star.





FOX  
Here's June Caprice at her favorite vacation sport—fishing.



GAUMONT-MUTUAL  
Iva Shepard seeks the old farm orchard on moonlight nights, to practice dancing steps.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT  
Dustin Farnum cannot decide when he is happiest—feeding the porker—



—or fixing up his pet boat. He sure does love the water.



UNIVERSAL  
Cleo Madison says the little brute she is kissing is a dear—but it does seem like a terrible waste,



AMERICAN-MUTUAL  
Here is little Mary Miles Minter sauntering out for a game of tennis.

KALEM  
“Gracious me!” said Ollie Kirby. “Don’t take that picture until I get down from this ladder!” But could you blame the photographer?







KALEM

Robyn Adair finds plenty of fun in his own back yard, playing with the calf.



FOX

Hattie Burks had this gown made especially to play golf in.



But don't you think she looks pretty nice when she plays tennis?



Neva Gerber likes to drive about country roads.



MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT

Myrtle Stedman says she can beat Hattie Burks any day at golf.



VITAGRAPH

"Sunshine Mary" Anderson runs out every day to feed the chickens. Still, this is a little duck she is holding.

PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

We couldn't decide whether Winifred Kingston looked more charming pruning the Virginia creeper than she did playing tennis.



## Hart Wanted a Regular Boy, So He Picked Georgie Stone



TRIANGLE

William S. Hart picking out his "reg'lar boy-kid."



A CRISP, business-looking person strolled into the Triangle studio at Los Angeles and looked over the long stretches of open-air stage.

"I want to borrow a baby, ma'am—a sort of yearlin' baby, so to speak," he remarked plaintively to the very energetic lady on guard at the gate (and who sports a full-sized, honest-to-goodness police badge, and whose business it is to protect everything feminine from cradle age on up to full-star size).

"William S. Hart," retorted that person severely, "you just get along with you and run back onto your own lot! The idea of your coming over here to borrow one of our babies!"

Hart grinned—a soft, amiable, easy, go-as-you-please grin that has played its winning part wherever movie audiences have gathered to witness Western dramas on the screen.

"Say," he went on persuasively, "can't you lend me a baby? I'm up against it, honest. Just naturally got to have one. I've come all the way over from Culver City, and if I don't get no baby, it will sure be a mighty big disappointment. Don't you think, seeing as we-all in this here Triangle Film outfit sort o' regular kith 'n' kin, so to speak, that you could lend a feller a baby?"

Chester and Sidney Franklin, brothers and directors of the group of Triangle children that have been organized at the Fine Arts, joined the little group that had gathered. Mr. Hart winked impressively.

"Say," he went on, "do you know, it does me good to get out! This is the first stage that I have seen in Los Angeles

moving pictures here except that of our own outfit. I'm a regular stay-at-home. But we've got a kid play that I've been working on—kid, dog, -doting daddy, Old Glory and— Well, I won't give any more away just now. But I've been up against it for a kid—just a regular boy baby kid. There's plenty of nice Little Lord Fauntleroy's in the market and angel cherubs and honeybubs, etcetera, etcetera; but what I've got to have is a hard-fisted, tough-knuckled little chap about six years old—a regular little fellow that can worm his way into the heart-strings of as tough an old sourdough as ever came down the pike. So you can see that no mother's itty-bitty-cheep-cheep cherub is going to fill the bill."

It happened to be the school hour—four o'clock and all the Triangle children attend the special school in the studio from four to six—and the studio automobiles came in from the picture taking back in the hills, with their companies of forty-niners, Indians, trappers and high-heeled genuine cow-punchers, and with their children in the childish fashions and rags of seventy years and more ago. Hart played with them, patted them, joked with them, like an expert in kindergarten or Montessori systems, and all the time was sifting them shrewdly.

"There's your boy!" said the Franklin brothers together, as a little fellow with tangled hair tumbled out of an automobile that pulled into the yard. His overcoat was on hindside before, and he proudly regarded this feat of his own imagination as he trotted over the open-air stage in pathetic, worn-out moccasins. Beneath it showed the tattered jeans and shredded shirt of the child of the frontier, the part he had been playing during the day.

This was Georgie Stone. Hart shook hands gravely and shrewdly looked him over.

"Like to play a nice part with a dog, Georgie?" he asked.

Georgie nodded solemnly.

"And with shoes instead of moccasins, Georgie?" added Hart.

Georgie looked down speculatively at his worn-out footgear of the plains as he reached up and patted Hart on the knee.

"They's my shootin' shoes," he explained slowly. "They's my shootin' shoes, because my toes is a-shootin' through 'em. He says so!" And he pointed solemnly to Chester Franklin.

Then Georgie went on into school, all unconscious of the fact that in the next ten minutes he had been formally borrowed, to be with William S. Hart in a photoplay that, as Hart himself described it, "Play! Why, there isn't any star in it except the kid. It's all kid and dog, and the rest of us just come in to sort of act as props and such!"

"And, say," he added cheerfully, as he climbed into his automobile to go back to the Culver City studio, "there is only one infant kid that could play the part, and that's this Georgie. I've seen him act before I ever came over here to borrow a baby—and he was the one I was after!"

"And," said Chester Franklin plaintively, as he turned to brother Franklin, "we thought we were helping him pick one!"







TRIANGLE

No one would mistake Georgie Stone in this picture as a "mother's itty-bitty-cherub-boy." He has just dropped down for a noonday nap.

### The Fate of the Amateur

By J. W. CARDEN

**H**E WROTE a grand drama from Homer, laid the scenes on the banks of the Nile. "It's a classic, and that's no misnomer," he remarked to himself, with a smile. All the gods in mythology's pages he pictured with Venus and Mars, and he "caste" all the hoary-haired sages who were gifted for reading the stars. He pored over tomes spiritualistic, till ghost-faces haunted each dream, just to give it a touch that was mystic and to help "local color" his theme. "This," he said, "fame and fortune will bring me."

He hunted up two or three banks in which to deposit, but ding me if they didn't return it "with thanks"!

But he still dreamed of fortune and glory and refused to go down in defeat. He would picture a more modern story, as the classics now seemed obsolete. "A nautical yarn, I've a notion, will appeal to the thrill-loving heart—one that smells of the deep, briny ocean, with each character true to his part." So he drew for his "lead" a rough sailor, who should head a piratical bunch, as they butchered the crew of some whaler, in a scene full of bloodshed and "punch." 'Twas a style that in plot swiftly thickens, and he named it "The Corsair in Black."

Well, he mailed it, and then what the dickens do you think? Why, they sent it right back!

Then he prayed for the talent or magic to write something film makers would buy. "There is nothing dramatic or tragic they will take," he would mournfully sigh. "Ah, a comedy! Gosh, that's the caper! Why, I ought to have done it before!" Then he purchased more manuscript paper and stamps some three hundred or more. 'Twas returned, with a few lines explaining his "script" was the rottenest dope. "You might, sir," he read, "with some training, learn to advertise some brand of soap."

This an editor wrote without pity to that photo-play-right. Now he drives a jitney-Ford and earns four dollars a day.

### What Did the Screen's Favorites Do Before They Took Up Their Career In the Pictures?

How did they get the opportunity to start those careers?

The Vitagraph-Lubin Selig-Essanay, Inc., known as "The Big Four," has published a book called "Who's Who in V. L. S. E. Plays," in which much out-of-the-ordinary information about favorite stars is set forth.

For instance, in it you will find that Anita Stewart, before her screen debut, appeared on the covers of the popular magazines, having been a model for prominent artists.

Lillian Walker was a telephone operator and an end in the "Follies," and her lines—now silent ones—have been busy ever since.

Richard Buhler used to "sling" soda in a Washington drug-store.

Baby Jean Frazer is called "Steve" by her father, because when she came he was expecting a boy.

Henry B. Walthall, "The Mansfield of the Movies," studied law, went to war and began in the pictures as a ditch digger.

Earle Williams was a phonograph salesman, when he had to talk for a living.

Edna Mayo is an expert sculptor, painter, swimmer and rifle shot.

Kathlyn Williams would much rather play with a wild tiger than with a cat or a dog.

William Gillette took special courses in the University of New York, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Boston University before setting out to conquer the drama.

George Cooper went into the movies when he lost his beautiful tenor voice while with Fiske O'Hara.

Naomi Childers wants to appear in comedies, but her "boss" won't allow it, because she is too good in drama.

Marguerite Clayton was brought up in a convent.

Charles Richman likes the pictures so well, he doesn't care if he never returns to the spoken drama.





VITAGRAPH

When Alice Joyce returned under contract to the Vitagraph studios, there was an impromptu reception for her before the rehearsal could go on. Naomi Childers headed a welcoming committee of screen folk to give her the glad hand.

### Pretty Alice Joyce

**D**ISAPPEARED from the motion pictures something over a year ago. Devotees of her particular type of acting missed her and waited in vain for another sight of her on the screen. Gradually curiosity became dulled by the never-ceasing impact of novelties, and the pictures kept moving on without her. Then suddenly, after all those months, Alice Joyce was heralded as returning to the profession from which she had vanished.

The welcome, however, was tremendous. So rapidly do things hurry on in the pictures that ordinarily it would be fatal to risk such a long lapse; but in this case her following was true, and the circumstances under which she returned to the studios commanded attention. She was coming back under engagement to Vitagraph for a great part in the all-star cast to be presented in Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's forthcoming sequel to "The Battle Cry of Peace."

And the reason for her former retirement? Oh, the best in the world! The baby's name is Alice Mary



VITAGRAPH

Here is the reason for the long retirement of Alice Joyce Moore from the screen. Her name is Alice Mary Moore, and she is the image of her father, Tom Moore.

Moore. And it resembles nobody in the world with such fidelity as Tom Moore, who is Miss Joyce's husband.

Miss Joyce is proud of the baby and proud of motherhood. She did not let ambition and success interfere with it. She feels that she is the better off for it, both in depth of feeling in her art and in popularity. But this is what everybody wants to know: Is there to be a Moore Family on the screen, or will Alice Mary be relegated to the nursery, or will she be a co-star with her famous parents?

Tom Moore is with the Arrow Film Company and is full of pride over young Alice Mary.

Eighteen months off the screen is a long time in the screen world, and its ethics and precedents have turned over several times since Miss Joyce left. For fear you have forgotten, we will remind you that Miss Joyce was born in Kansas City, twenty-six years ago, and left her position as a telephone operator in New York to join the Kalem Company. She was married to Tom Moore in Jacksonville, Fla., May 11th, 1914.





Dr. Mary Walker when she met Frank Daniels.

### In for Life

**F**RANK DANIELS, whose happy grin adorns the front page of FILM FUN this month, will never go back to the stage. He says so himself. He admits that motion picture work is strenuous, but he is strong for it.

"Work?" he said, when he had taken ten minutes off from the job to pose for FILM FUN. "Well, yes, it's some work. Outside of putting in ten hours of work a day, I have nothing to do but sit around. Every day my director has me out doing stunts that would never do in comic opera. I have to drink a gallon of water every day to keep my shape. You see, I aim to keep myself a perfect thirty-six."

"Don't you miss those first nights, Frank?" said his director, with a grin.

"First nights were always tiresome to me, and, thank goodness! there will be no more first nights for little Frankie Daniels. It's of the pictures, for the pictures and by the pictures the rest of my life. And listen to me—if I have made any success, I must go fifty-fifty with the director. He's as much to blame as I am."

"Have a cigar, Frank," said the director.

"Thanks, old dear," said Daniels. "Now, if you have a match handy—much obliged. It pays to throw bouquets."

Dr. Mary Walker went out to the Vitagraph studios with the visitors from the General Federation of Women's Clubs and was immensely interested when Mr. Daniels told her all the tricks of the trade.

"I've found out a lot since I've been here," he pointed out. "For instance, real money is not used in the bank scenes, because hardly anyone would know the difference.

"Rembrandt had a lot to learn about color. I have seen effects done in grease paint that he would have to study a long time to imitate—if he cared to.

"If you make the property man laugh, you will 'get over' anywhere. And—

"The one drawback to the art is that you play the same hours as the baseball game."



VITAGRAPH

Alice Washburn practicing a characteristic facial gesture.

### Alice Washburn Spins a Yarn

**M**ISS WASHBURN, in addition to the possession of a real sense of humor, has a fund of anecdote and repartee, and she is not backward when it comes her turn to spin a yarn.

"One thing I like about me," says Miss Washburn, "is that I'm not averse to making myself ridiculous for the benefit of the film. I don't mind telling you that I never took any prizes at a beauty show, and that I'm no spring chicken; but so long as I seem to possess that intangible something that makes 'em laugh, why shouldn't I cash in on it?"

"My film comedy is not nearly as funny as some of the things that happen accidentally during the making of a picture, only they oftentimes go 'over our heads.' Usually, though," continues Miss Washburn, "I try to be on hand to reach for all the funny ones, and here is one I happened to get.

"During the filming of a Mexican picture, I had the part of a duenna. There was a lot of horseback riding to be done, and one of the principal actors had never been astride a horse in his life. He was too proud to admit to the director that he could not ride when he was cast for the part. Moreover, he happened to be shy two fingers of one hand and was very sensitive about it. The extra people had been falling off the horses and running over each other, until the director was nearly crazy. When it came time for the big scene and the finger-shy actor climbed upon his horse, it was plain to everybody that he was all wrong and liable to fall off at any minute.

"'All ready,' said the director. 'Take hold of the reins there and put your feet through the stirrups. What the dickens is the matter with him?' this latter to the assistant director.

"Sensing that there was something wrong, the director walked over and attempted to place the actor's gloved hands on the reins. He happened to take hold of the bad hand. Squeezing the stuffed fingers, he yelled,

"'Holy cats, man! Here you are dead already, and they haven't begun to shoot at you yet!'"

It broke up the whole scene into such small pieces that we were dismissed for the day.





TRIANGLE-INCE

Lillian Read, emotional actress, receiving her check on Saturday night.

**L**ITTLE LILLIAN READ, the two-and-a-half-year-old baby appearing in Thomas H. Ince's production of "Civilization" and who has created a veritable sensation by her remarkable acting, is the daughter of John Parker Read, Jr., Mr. Thomas H. Ince's personal representative. The most successful emotion that Baby Read registers, according to Beulah Livingstone, "Civilization's" press agent, is the joy at the size of her check on Saturday night.

The many offers that have come to Mr. Read for his daughter's exclusive services from different film producers since her great success in "Civilization," would make the most seasoned motion picture star a bit envious. At the rate the magazines are devoting space to this baby, one may expect almost any nice bright day to see a syndicated series of "How I Became the World's Youngest Emotional Actress," by Lillian Read, aged two and a half years.





TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

PHOTO BY CARPENTER

## Lucile Brown, Official Mother To Five Hundred Screen Girls

**T**HAT is something of a considerable job, when you realize that being an unofficial parent to only two or three girls has brought gray hairs to many a motherly brow. Not that Miss Brown has a gray hair in her head. On the contrary, she has a lot of very blond hair, smartly dressed, and she looks more like an official sister than the title with which she has been dubbed in the Triangle studios.

Miss Brown is on the job every minute. She wears an imposing badge, with her title, "OFFICIAL MOTHER," engraved on it. She has to be chaperon when called upon, and the rest of her duties consist in advising, hiring, disciplining and adjusting difficulties of all kinds and at all times. Few of us would care to undertake mothering five hundred girls in a motion picture studio; but Miss Brown keeps that pleasant smile working all day and has complete control of the situation.

She was willing enough to talk of her job, but how could one talk when interruptions flew thick and fast.

"Why, it's easy enough," began Miss Brown. "Yes, all right, I'm coming. The costumes are all ready for that ball-room set. Here they are. You see, I— What do you want? Twenty orphanage girls to leave for location at eight in the morning? All right; I'll have them ready. Let's see; where were we? Oh, I was telling you how I happened to— Girl mashed her finger? All right; send her up here. I guess I can dress it. Now, perhaps we can go on without— No, those draperies are not right. They don't hang right. Wait a minute. I'll have to go out to that set and arrange them."

Anyway, Miss Brown went into the studio as an extra girl. Some days she had work, and more days she had not. She did

plenty of watching and keeping silence on the days when she stood around. One day something was wrong with the arrangement of a room. The director knew it was wrong, but for the life of him he couldn't tell just where it was. He stormed vigorously, and while he stormed, a quiet girl stole on the scene, re-arranged it and ironed out all the difficulties of the background.

To tell the plain truth, there isn't a man living, great as he may be, who can look after details of gowns and draperies and furniture arrangement as a woman can. Miss Brown seldom wasted time telling them what was wrong. She merely slipped in and did it over. And the directors heaved a sigh of relief at knowing that whatever it was that was wrong was now right. No matter what the books say, no director relishes an extra girl coming in and telling him what to do. But they did welcome a girl who had a talent for getting a set right without making any stir over it.

All of a sudden, Mr. Griffith noticed that she seemed to be quietly smoothing out a lot of wrinkles around the place and was claiming no credit for it.

"Now, here," he said; "I can get plenty of good actresses, but not once in a blue moon can I find a woman who knows just what to do and when to do it. I notice you get along with all these girls, too. Suppose you just take hold here and give a woman's eye to all proceedings—chaperon the girls and look after their costumes and organize dancing schools and spur up the slackers and get up some clubs and manage the mob scenes.

It looked like a pretty large order, but Miss Brown tackled it. She is a human dynamo among those girls.





KALEM

Sis Hopkins, in "Setting the Fashion," is left in charge of the hairdressing parlor, with delightful results. Sis only knows one way of doing up hair, and the result is a pigtail effect at the fashionable dance.

### Mary Miles Minter on Superstition

"You know," said Mary Miles Minter, when she saw the Two-minute Interviewer approaching in a businesslike way, "the best thing about you is that you do not take up an entire afternoon's time, and then rave about cars, beauty or gowns."

"It is my business to write facts," said the Two-minute Interviewer tersely. "Hurry, now. Let's see what you can tell us in two minutes. What's this number over your dressing-room door? Evidently you are not superstitious."

Miss Minter gazed thoughtfully at the door.

"The studio manager offered to take that down when I came," she said; "but I rather like it—it's different. And, besides, what use would it be to take down that 13 number from my door when there are exactly 13 members in my company and 13 characters in my new play and the number of the company is 13? What do you think of that?" she added triumphantly.

"Not much," said the Two-minute Interviewer.

"That isn't all," she went on. "I arrived here on the 12:13 express, and my baggage number was 13. I had stateroom number 13 part of the way out, and there were 13 people at the table at dinner the first night I came.



KALEM

Sis tries an electric vibrator and finds it a ticklish task.



KALEM

All that poor Sis could understand of the lecture was "salt" and "gunpowder." She tried out the experiment, but "Her Great Invention" resulted somewhat as shown here.

Me afraid of that little number! I should say not! Why, it's my lucky number!"

"That's good," said the Two-minute Interviewer. "It's all yours, that number."

✕ ✕

### Get Busy, Writers

"Tell everybody who can write that now is the time to get busy on feature scenarios."

James Kirkwood, late of the Famous Players, made this speech as he was boarding the train for Santa Barbara, Cal., where he is to direct special productions for the American Film Company.

Every scenario writer in the crowd stood at attention and fumbled for notebooks. This was promising.

"There is a dearth of first-class material," went on Mr. Kirkwood. "The day of the tommy-rot, slushy, story is passing, just as rapidly as the carelessly made and cheap feature productions. The effort that goes into making the photoplay a real art production is promised fuller recognition—and greater remuneration. No really good scenario has to hunt long for a market. I would like to see a few myself. I happen to know that in the last few months expensive stars and producers have been idle for long periods, simply because proper scenarios could not be found."





PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

As motive power, the goat beats gasoline. Speed cops have no terrors for him.

### Well Chilled

The scene showed a sick man holding a bottle of medicine in his hand. A close-up of the bottle was flashed. The label on the vial read: "Shake well before using."

"What does that mean?" asked Casey of his wife.

"That means that he must not take that stuff unless he has had a chill."



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

Old Man Al Falfa might not stack up in the city riding bunch; but at home he shows class.

### He Named It

The picture on the screen was one dealing with a fete day in Italy. The scene on the screen showed a number of children dancing.

Said one little boy to another,

"I know now; it is called 'feet' day because everybody is dancing."



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

Bobby was told to practice the scales while his father read the paper, but Bobby didn't like to practice.



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

He's the goat, as you can see, and who but a goat would keep a lighted cigar so close to a soup can?



# Before Filmville's Policeman Goes On Duty, He Raises His Right Hand and Takes Oath to Uphold the Law of Averages. Then They Give Him a Badge and Send Him Out to Keep the Plot From Skidding Too Far in Either Direction



IF Events are moving like the Sunny Slope of a Roller Coaster, the Policeman kills the situation by arresting a few Leading Citizens on Suspicion. But if the affair is developing into a Gloomfest, the Cop is assigned to the Sunshine Squad and collides with his Own Feet on the Station Steps, untangling himself from the Result, only to dive into the Cowcatcher of a Portly Pedestrian with an armful of Explosive Bundles.

Filmville's Cop leads a Triple Life, thus getting a Fifty Per Cent. Edge on the Day Foreman of the Bank, who turns to Crime at Sunset. He defends the Majesty of the Law, goes Even Splits with the Villain, or qualifies as a Slapstick Expert with Equal Ease. At the first sign of Boredom, Filmville tells its Troubles to the Policeman, and unless he relieves the Monotony, they bring him up on Charges.

Like all General Utility Men, the Cop suffers from Neglect in the Grand-stand. Filmville takes him for granted to such an extent that the Income Tax rarely drives him to Mental Arithmetic. Unlike other Filmvillers of Humble Origin, however, he is never asked to fill a Temporary Vacancy as Hero, so that his Minor Faults may be checked up to Anarchy and allied forms of Vexation.

When engaged in Routine Duty, the Policeman is so serious that a Joke would make him Whistle for the Reserves. He is the only Resident of the town who draws Pay for Padlocking his Feelings, his Facial Expression being Twin to a Cemetery Wall.

In this Mood he is called on to Arrest the Hero, which he does without waving an Eyelash till the Heroine objects. His Answer depends wholly on the Clock. Early in the Day's Work he is likely to regard her as a Petty Nuisance and leaves her to tag him to Headquarters to argue it out with the Man Higher Up. Later in the Reel, however, he often takes her Word for it that the Hero should be allowed to send Regrets.

On these occasions he takes Chances on the Roundsman. But all Regulations are Officially Suspended when the Comedy Alarm sounds and the Policeman starts out to Quell the solemnity. Here his Uniform is his Best Friend. Without it, he would probably be a Flivver as a Comedian; but a Heavy Tap planted in the Digestion of a Large Blue Uniform is Filmville's idea of Regular Fun, especially when it knocks the Cop into a Barrel of Paint or the Rear Feelers of a six-cylinder Mule.

When on this Detail the Policeman is invariably in pursuit of a Nimble Rascal, whose Batting Average depends on the number of Mishaps into which he can Lure the Bluecoat. The Cop is no Shrimp as a Speed Artist and could outleg the Criminal without a Wheeze, if he did not do his Running and his Thinking in Opposite Directions. But at each Calamity he loses a Lap.

His disasters range all the way from plunging into a Clothes Line full of Family



Washing, with a Ghost Dance before he can unwind himself, to Double Quicking into an Extra Juicy Mudhole. Spectators along the Route contribute Banana Peels at Strategic Points and insert their Self Defense in Delicate Points of his Anatomy. Where Building Operations are in progress, he invariably pursues the Fugitive to the Third Floor and emerges in a Coating of Mortar which renders his Future Plans useless. Filmville does not need to provide a Gymnasium in which the Cop may keep his Girth within reaching distance of his Belt. It gives him a Comedy Assignment instead.

The Policeman's Dream of Reward for Service in the Ranks is to become Lieutenant at Headquarters. This enables him to sit behind the Desk and summon a Platoon of Square Toes by pressing a Buzzer. Most of his Waking Moments are spent nodding into the Telephone as the Heroine gives notice that Father, alias the Leading Citizen, has been Time Locked in the Vault. The Lieutenant's Calmness at this Distressing News shows that Previous Experience has been Good for his Nerves.

The Lieutenant has charge of the Preliminary Hearing in all cases where Members of High Society require the Services of a Jury. Most of the duties that are elsewhere lodged in the Coroner, Trial Justice, District Attorney and Grand Jury are concentrated in the Lieutenant. This makes his Job one of Peculiar Dignity.

If the Heroine is accused of feeding Overdoses of Arsenic to her Guardian, but calls the Ceiling to Witness that he still had Two New Dance Steps to teach her, the Lieutenant orders her Instant Release. When the Hero is brought in on the charge of Dynamiting the Bank Examiner without a Hunter's License, he is lucky if he is merely Sentenced for Life by the Same Authority. Filmville's Supreme Court has Little to do but Review the Proceedings of the Lieutenant.

These Duties, however, are performed only when the Plot has Escaped from the Residence District. Where Justice has to be delivered at the Customer's Home, the Lieutenant gives way to the Chief. If the Village Capitalist is Already in his Slippers for the Evening when he decides to enforce Family Discipline with the aid of the Statute Book, the Chief responds.

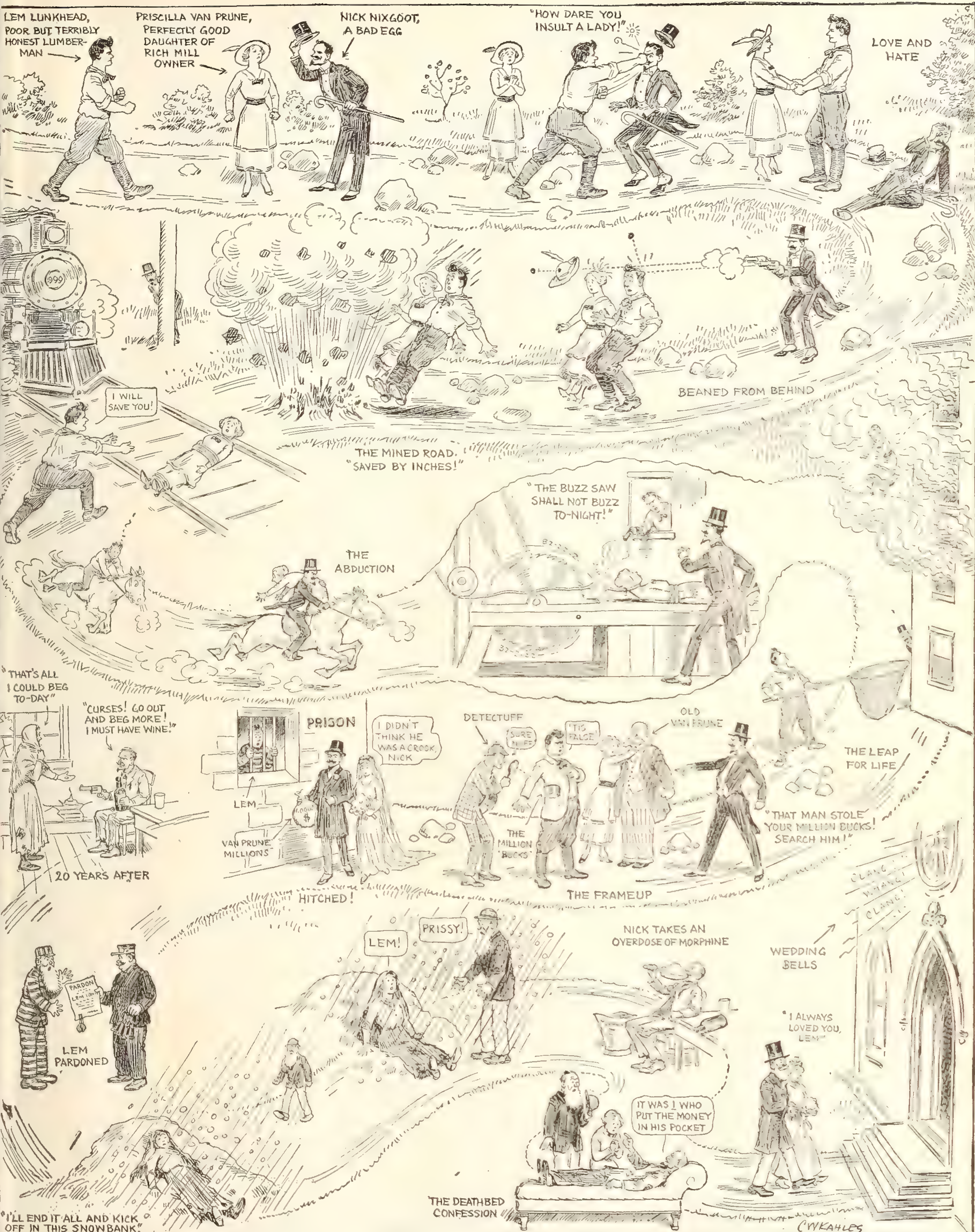
When the Son has tampered with Next Month's Allowance in Advance, the Chief regretfully sends him up. If the Daughter is suspected of Conspiracy to elope with a Non-support Case, the Chief questions the Servants sharply, and then sneers at the Capitalist for letting Suspicion boob him.

Filmville's Patrolman never aspires to this Dignity, because the Chief's Facility with his Features shows that he did not Rise from the Ranks. But the Cop lives in the Hope that if he conducts himself solemnly enough wherever a Cross marks the Spot and is sufficiently lively when serving with the Knock-about Squad, he may become a Lieutenant before the Pension Fund clutches him.



—Walter S. Ball.





THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE (AS IT IS MOVIED)—Judge

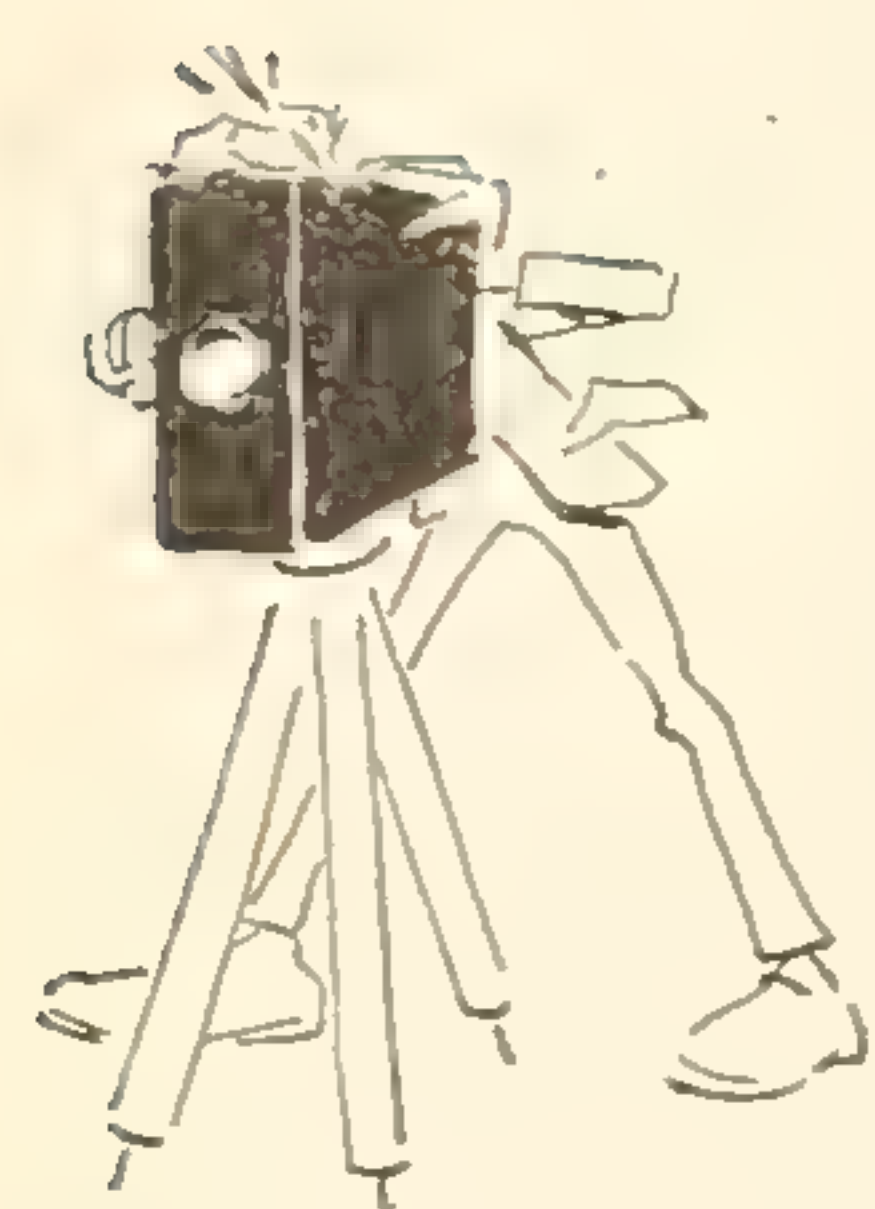




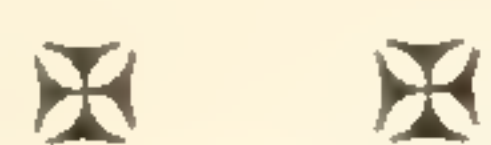
"You see," said the Film Fan, earnestly, "If I have to stay in town and look after this column this month, I won't get a vacation. And even a Film Fan must have a vacation. But here's something Aughinbaugh wrote for *Leslie's Weekly*—he's a good old scout, Dr. Aughinbaugh. There's a lot of good stuff in this article, and it's something every Film Fan should know. Just run this, won't you, and let me get away for a vacation?"

## Motion Pictures in Foreign Lands

By W. E. AUGHINBAUGH



Prior to the war English, German, Italian, Swiss, Spanish, Japanese, French and American motion picture companies were doing business everywhere. All of the large centers had international film exchanges catering to the trade. The films produced by American and French companies were most in favor, due to perfection in detail and originality of subjects. To-day, however, the war has suspended the operations of the European and Japanese concerns, and the moving picture exhibitor is forced to look principally to the United States for his films. The lack of photographic chemicals and the absence of the other indispensable necessities for this art also has had much to do with the present great scarcity of films. As a consequence, reels made at the beginning of this industry, and which were shown in the early days from the metropolitan cities to the backwoods towns of this country, are now in active service in various parts of the world.



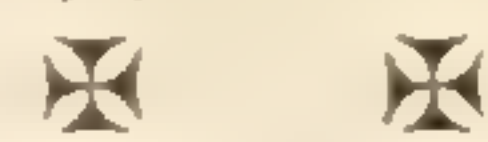
### Pictures in Demand



Due to the troubled condition of all of Europe, the various theatrical, opera and circus companies that toured the world are no longer to be met with, so that the moving picture theaters have taken their places and constitute the principal form of amusement for the population of the cities of Latin America and the Orient.

In China the motion picture shows at Hanin, Haifag, Tinkin, Hue, Annam, Peking, Canton, Shanghai and Hong Kong are packed at every performance. In Calcutta, Madras, Hyderabad, Bombay, Ajmeer and Karrachi, the loyalty of the native of India to the British government has been materially stimulated by exhibiting on the screen in open-air parks the Indian troops in bivouac and in action in Europe. Latin America has always been a good field for the cinematograph.

In the larger capitals, like Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Lima and Havana, the buildings in which exhibitions are given are the equal of any in this country.



### A Set Program

The typical Latin-American motion picture program will always contain a funny skit, a scientific film showing, for instance, the development of insect or plant life, a French tragedy, a Wild West scene, invariably concluding with the usual reel showing current events in Europe and the United States. Of course such war films as can be secured are thrown on the screen, and the excitement which is developed has often resulted in riots, for all of Latin America is filled with French, English and Germans who are intensely patriotic.



In Buenos Aires the motion picture industry is under control of a trust, which practically prohibits others from entering the territory. The minute a suitable building is vacated, the combination gets a lease on it, so that if one arrived with films and the necessary machinery, there would be no location in which to display them. This is not true of the other larger cities of Latin America. It would pay to take to all the larger towns of those countries appropriate reels and lease them to moving picture theater proprietors. Films that the censor would not pass in this country, or that could not be shown on account of age, would be well received in the republics to the south of us. Captions and descriptive sentences should be in Spanish for all these nations, excepting Brazil, where Portuguese is spoken, and the translation and printing should be completed here, as nowhere in Latin America could such work be properly done.



### As an Advertisement



The motion picture speaks all languages. It reaches the illiterate and the intelligent. It seems to me it could be advantageously used for advertising purposes. I doubt if my readers who have never lived in the out-of-the-way spots of the earth can appreciate the full value of this suggestion. For instance, the women of Latin America are behind the world in matters of modern, simple dressing. They have been wearing for centuries underclothes consisting of several cumbersome pieces tied, pinned and buttoned in place. They have no idea of the convenience or the comfort that comes from wearing a union suit. A film showing the cotton growing in the field, a cotton-picking scene, the cotton being ginned and baled, then shipped to the mills, followed by pictures showing every detail in manufacturing the suit, and finally how it is laundered, would hold the attention of everyone. The completed suit might be shown on a model. Throughout the run of such a film the trade-mark should be repeatedly displayed.

One of the leading New York hotels, desirous of catering to the Latin-American tourist, has sent two representatives on a tour through the various countries to the south, with film pictures showing views of the hotel, as well as others in the city of New York and near-by places, calculated to arouse the wanderlust in the minds of the audience. In addition to being very popular wherever it has been shown, it has netted a good profit to the owners of the film and the hotel as well.

(Courtesy *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.)





### The Man of the Hour

I RECALL you, Smith, before I knew my letters,  
And later when we both attended school.  
While in many ways I knew you had your betters,  
You were absolutely peerless as a fool.

I remember how you slaughtered English grammar,  
How you tackled simple fractions all in vain;  
How geography the teacher failed to hammer  
Into what was called, by courtesy, your brain.

I remember that some twenty-one years later,  
When you had attained at least a man's physique,  
You were toiling for your honorable pater,  
And were overpaid at fifteen bucks a week.

I remember that at every social function  
You were always just a sort of standing joke;  
The women kidded you without compunction,  
Or they let you sit alone outside and smoke.

So I marveled at the wonderful ovation  
You received upon your entrance here to-night,  
And I wondered by what magic transformation  
Could contempt be changed to feminine delight.

To the riddle, though, I found a ready answer,  
Ere the orchestra had struck a dozen bars:  
As a "trotter" I could see you were some dancer!  
So I'm glad I brought along a few cigars.  
—Maurice Switzer.

### Touching

Spinster—Why can't women have trousers pockets into which to put their hands?

Bachelor—They have—the married ones.

### Certainly Not

"Are you an optimist?"

"Far from it—I'm a humorist."

### Willie's Share

Teacher—A lady divided a pie among her four children, John, Mary, Jane and Willie. John got one-half of the

pie, Mary one-fourth of it, and Jane one-sixth. What did Willie get?

Bright boy—Huh! Willie got stung!

### Turned Down

Miss Film—Mr. Reel doesn't seem to have met with his opportunity. I wonder where he was when it knocked.

Director—He was probably in a cafe, saying, "Here's good luck!"

### Alluring

Screen actress—Would you marry a spendthrift, my dear?

Screen extra—It wouldn't be so bad if he were just starting out on his career.

With the poor man, as with the hen, it is always "shell out."

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**Our Foreign Correspondence**

From Kobe, Japan, a reader sends us this interesting letter:

"I find your magazine, **FILM FUN**, intensely interesting, for I am a picture fan and do not often see the newest pictures here, and your book gives me interesting information of things happening in this line in America.

"It may interest you to learn that every cinema shows here what we call 'Talkers,' whose job it is to talk as the picture is produced on the screen. Of course, with the foreign pieces, this is not necessary; but it is merely for the Japanese crowd. If it wasn't for the talkers, when they presented a Japanese film, one could not make head or tail out of the whole series, as the pictures are so complicated and badly staged, and most of the films are so long that you see the same old thing for about three hours at a run.

"The 'Broken Coin' series caused a great sensation out here recently, and the hall which had this film must have made a fortune out of the thing, as they showed only four parts at a time, usually lasting for about two hours. They changed every ten days, and the place was packed every night. We liked the 'Trey o' Hearts' series also, and Cleo Madison was a peach. 'Fantoma' and 'Black Box' were more or less spoiled, as the censors cut here and there, usually in the most important and interesting places.

"I have seen lots of good comic series, but very few here know anything about Charlie Chaplin. 'Between the Showers,' by Chaplin and Sterling, is the only Chaplin film they have out here. Queer, isn't it? I thought you might be interested in knowing something about the motion pictures 'way out here in Japan. Charles Ailion."

**Picture Fans in the Trenches**

"You know, we are great picture fans out here in the trenches," writes Frank Badgely, a young Canadian officer, whose letter is marked "In Active Service." He writes to thank us for sending him a copy of **FILM FUN**, which he assures us was greatly appreciated in his particular "dug-out." "When we get the chance, we go to the 'Soldiers' Theater,' where we spend a pleasant time with Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Sir Herbert Tree and the Leystone Police. I think the 'Soldiers' Theater' is perhaps one of the most unique motion picture places in the world. It is within easy reach of 'Fritz' and his 'Jack Johnsons,' 'Black Marias,' 'Wizz bangs'

and the rest of his repertory. Quite often, just as Fatty hits the water with a mighty splash, the music is drowned by a loud 'c-r-r-um-m-mp!' as a big fellow in the way of shells hits the ground a few yards away.

"The 'Soldiers' Theater' puts on three shows daily, and the audiences would make any house manager turn green with envy. For music they have Gitz Rice, known all over eastern Canada for his ability to tickle the ivories, and an orchestra of about thirty pieces, made up from the different regimental bands in the Canadian corps. It really is awfully good.

"As for the most important part of the program, the pictures, as I said before, we get the latest one- and two-reel pictures, and sometimes we are treated to a Mary Pickford or a Marguerite Clark feature. So, you see, we have some amusement, even on the firing line. We feel that the screen is doing a wonderful work in keeping the spirits of Tommy up to the high pitch for which he is famous, even under the most trying conditions. God bless the motion pictures!

"We do not mind the interruption of shells during the screen, for we are subjected to these constantly; but we cannot see Fatty every day in the week. Perhaps they do not realize, when they are making these pictures, what it is going to mean to the soldiers to see their clever antics."



**One Way of Looking at It**

John Reinhard, who plays society wasters for the Gaumont Company, was walking along a Flushing street near the studio, when he noticed he was keeping step with a lad of eleven or twelve.

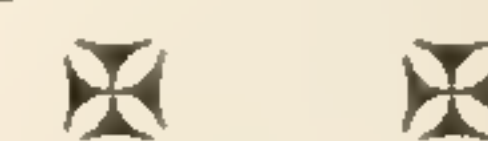
"Well, son, what are you going to do when you grow up?" asked the actor somewhat patronizingly.

"I'm going to get a job and work," was the sturdy answer.

"But suppose you can't find any."

"Oh," replied the boy airily, "then I'll be a motion picture actor."

Reinhard tiptoed to the other side of the street and whistled a sad tune as he strolled along by himself.



**The Touch System**

**Kriss**—How does that movie actor manage to get along? He never works.

**Kross**—He uses the "touch" system.



**Director**—Did you figure on being invited to supper?

**Movie actor**—Yes; but I reckoned without my host.



## Who's Who and Where

Paul Dickey, author, actor, playwright, producer, is director-general of the International Film Service.



Five companies of players are now at work in the Kalem studios at Jacksonville and Glendale and Hollywood, Cal. The new Ivy Close Comedy company is scheduled to start work this week at the Jacksonville studio.



The animal who posed for the Paramount Pictograph feature, "Training a Lion," displayed such an interest in the operation of a moving picture camera that the camera man had some anxious moments when it became necessary for him to insert the machine between the bars of the lion's cage to take a close-up.



Nona Thomas, of the Triangle forces, loves pets, but keeps only a canary. She says she can't have a cat, because it would eat the canary; a dog, because the landlord won't let her keep one; a horse, because she has no time to ride; or an elephant, because the apartment wouldn't hold it.



David Powell, as Richard Freneau in "Gloria's Romance," enacts the role of a real villain, yet you wouldn't consider him a bit villainous if you happened to sit beside him at a ball game in New York. Dave is a great fan, and any day that his work at the studio will permit finds him in a box seat at the ball park.



A \$100 prize offered by Douglas Fairbanks, Triangle star, to the best scholar in the Triangle Fine Arts School maintained by the studio for its juvenile players, is proving a great incentive to the pupils. Little George Stone, Violet Radcliffe and Carmen De Rue are tied for first honors.



Vivian Martin writes down from the mountains that she has learned to cook old-fashioned corn ponies (though in her writing it looks like she had learned to cook pine cones). An old mountain woman playing a small part in her Morosco picture, "Nell of Thunder Mountain," taught her the genuine Kentucky method.



George Walsh, with the William Fox Corporation, has just taken for his bride Miss Seena Owen, one of the beauties of

the screen world. When Mr. Walsh announced his marriage, the studioites threw up their hands, gasped their surprise, then rushed to buy gifts. Mr. Walsh is now engaged in the making of a strong Western story.



While the pictures of Caroline Lockhart's "The Man from Bitter Roots" were being taken, Miss Betty Schade hurt her hand slightly on a peevish pin. For a few anguishing moments she walked around the studio with one hand clasped in the other. "Pretty sad," said Harry Hilliard cynically, "when a girl has to hold her own hand!"



Montclair, N. J., will have none of the open-air motion picture theater. Two citizens asked for a permit to conduct one in the upper section of town. They asserted that their motive was not so much a commercial one as a desire to keep servant girls contented, there being no amusement near. The authorities would not grant the permit.



Corinne Griffith's "Nigger," the black dog which she brought to the Western Vitagraph studios from the top of the Sierras, is giving Corinne much anxiety by his pugnacious disposition. He has had several encounters with visiting animals and goes about with a chip on his shoulder. He was worsted only once—by a cat he had cornered, to his sorrow.



George L. Sargent, who is directing the "Secret of the Submarine" serial, had a long-distance talk with his mother in New York, and says the twenty-one dollars expended was well spent. Mrs. Sargent could not believe she was talking to her son across the continent, and George says he has written her to explain that she must NOT waste precious moments in future by continually asking, "Is it YOU, George?"



On a cold day in winter, following a particularly hot summer, Guy Oliver, a number of years ago, landed in Jackson, Tenn., with a theatrical company playing "The Traitor." Guy was standing in the shelter of a tall building, when a negro rounded the corner, full in the face of the bitterly cold wind. It fairly took his breath away, but he managed to gasp out so that Oliver could hear, "Good Lawd! whah was you las' August?"



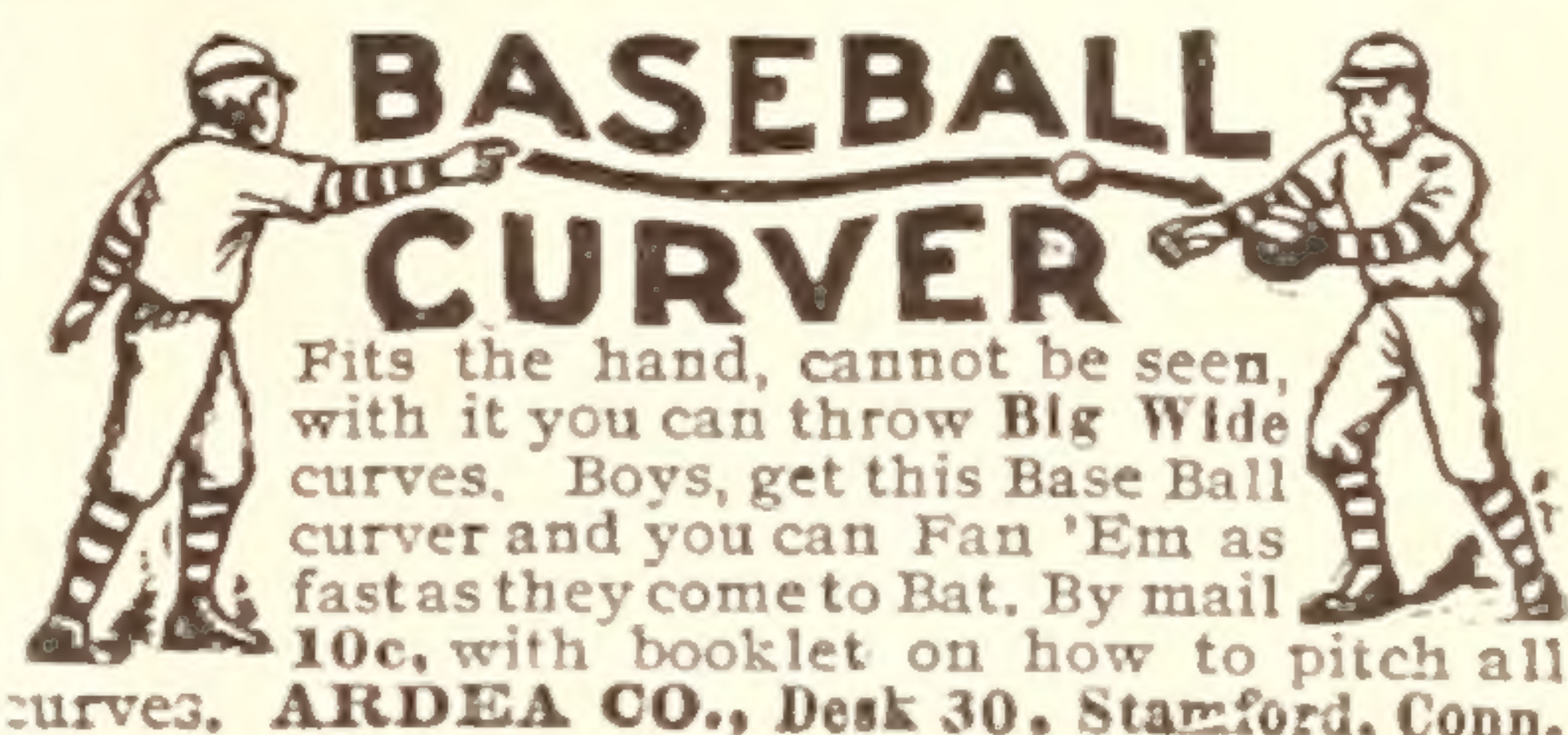
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Be it known that Nona Thomas, the little actress with the Ince forces, is quite a famous candy maker. The candy side of her soul rises superior to fudge, and she essays to make sweets with fancy trimmings and also with unusual exteriors and surprise interiors.



Edward Sloman, American director, has piled one unusual effect on another in his picture being produced under the working title of "Dust." In it he has a night scene, taken in the rain, of a rapidly moving automobile, with his passengers in "close-up" effect, and with lightning flashing on the road.



Myrtle Stedman says she never read so many books in her life as she has done the last few months, and she now appreciates how difficult it is to pick a story which is suitable for photoplay purposes. She is now trying her hand at writing photoplays, but refuses to prophesy regarding her success or failure in this field of endeavor.



John Mackenzie, the Balboa camera man, is a chronic globe-trotter. Not long ago he returned from the Mexican frontier, whence he had been sent to "garb war stuff." Now he is on his way across the Atlantic. He went through the Balkan war with a camera and photographed the first Zeppelin raid of London. In Mackenzie's vocabulary, rest and rust are synonymous.



Antrim Short is probably the only boy under steady salary in the Western studios. This does not include "kid" actors, but actual boys. Young Short is capable of filling so many parts and is in constant demand at the Universal studios. If there is one question made by the directors more often than any other, it is "Can I have Antrim for my next picture?" and probably the answer most often given is "Sorry, but he is already promised."



Henry King, the Balboa star, was born in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and occasionally cuts loose with a story that graphically illustrates some foible of the Virginia native.

Once upon a time an old ex-Confederate soldier friend of Henry's was driving along in his mountain buckboard, when he overtook a wayfarer.

"Get in, stranger," shouted the ex-rebel.

"Thanks," said the wayfarer.

"I reckon you served in the war," inquired the rebel.

"You bet! Did you?"

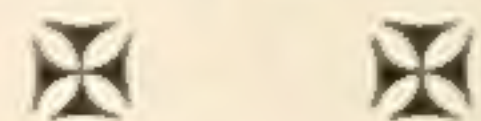
"Thank God, I did! Yes, sir."

"What regiment?" asked the stranger.

"Second Virginia, Confederate States Army. What was yours?"

"Sixty-first, Ohio."

"Whoa! Git out, stranger."



### Fit for the Children

The General Film Company calls exhibitors' attention to the fact that the National Board of Review (formerly the National Board of Censorship) has especially designated 165 of its pictures for its list, "Selected Motion Pictures for Young People under Sixteen Years."

This list was compiled by skilled, disinterested critics and was made up from films inspected from time to time, beginning less than a year ago, classified under the captions, "Comedy," "Humor," "Fables," "Cartoons," "Vaudeville," "Scenic," "Stories," and "Miscellaneous."



### A Resourceful Cook

Miss Iva Shepard has a negro cook, who idolizes the very ground her mistress walks on. As the star was rushing off to the Gaumont studio recently, she called back to the cook,

"Mandy, have some cornstarch pudding for dessert to-night."

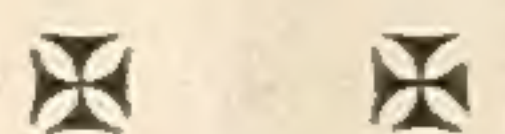
When dinner was ready to be served that evening, Mandy appeared at the door of the drawing-room, with a long face.

"I declare to goodness, Miss Iva, I don't know what to think ob dat puddin'," she began apologetically. "It neber done dat way befo'. I fo'got to go to order de groceries, and I jest took de co'nsta'ch outen your make-up box."

Mandy could get no further, for Miss Shepard began to shriek with laughter. When she could get her breath, she explained.

"Mandy, when I used up all the cornstarch in that box graying my hair, I ordered a special French powder. You've used two dollars' worth of imported powder I can buy at only one place in New York."

Instead of cornstarch pudding, the actress was served canned pineapple for dessert that night.



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*Scenario writer*—Yes; I couldn't meet the last payment.

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